



OUR LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS AS A NATION ARE IN OUR OWN KEEPING, IF THEY ARE EVER SACRIFICED IT WILL BE ON THE ALTAR OF PARTY SPIRIT, AT THE INSTANCE OF DESIGNING AMBITION AND BY OUR OWN HANDS.

VOL. I.

YPSILANTI, (MICH.) THURSDAY MAY 2, 1844.

NO. 20.

THE
YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

Will be published every Thursday by
JOHN VAN FOSSEN.
Office over C. Stuck's Store, three doors
west of the Post Office.
TERMS—Two Dollars a year if paid in ad-
vance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not
paid in advance.
Advertising on the usual terms of weekly
papers.

POETRY.

For the Ypsilanti Sentinel.
SONG.

TUNE—"As I-A-W Loe."
O if you will listen for a minute
To a song, I'm going to sing it,
There's something whiggish in it,
It's all for HENRY CLAY.
It is C-I-A-Y Clay
To the terror and dismay
Of the Loco Foco party,
Who doat on little Matty,
They think him hale and hearty,
With bottom good and sound.

O we have watched his motions,
And heard of his impious notions,
And now we'll cause commotions
To cover him deep with Clay.
For it is C-I-A-Y Clay,
We'll harp it many a day,
From now till next November,
We bid them all remember,
We never will surrender,
Our cause to Matty Van.

O the "Mill boy of the Slashes,"
He needs no spur or lash,
For in his way he crashes,
The Loco Foco clan.
O its C-I-A-W clan,
Headed by Matty Van—
That goes for the ruination,
Of every occupation,
And foreign importation,
Ah! Matty's just the man.

O he's the "Kinderhook dandy,"
With hair and whiskers sandy,
Who thinks gold spoons are handy,
And silver dishes too.
O its C-I-A-W clan,
To fill his hungry maw,
On gold and silver dishes,
For luxury he fishes,
And all he wants is riches,
To go the figure through.

But the Ball of Clay is rolling,
By Harry's foot controlling,
And in Matty's ear consoling,
Is shouted Victory.
Oh Van, get out of the way,
Of the ponderous Ball of Clay,
It's motion still grows stronger,
You'd better run no longer,
It will, your forces conquer,
And bury them deep with Clay.

MISCELLANY.

From the New England Galaxy.

A TALE OF TRAINING.
Or a Chapter of the Adventures of the
Massachusetts Militia.

No body up and down the country was equal to Josh Beanpole, of Rye. He grew up faster than a hop-vine or a string-bean. He was a man before he knew it, and being told of it, gave himself such airs that he was thought quite the thing by all the girls ten miles around. He was an absolute dandy, if such a thing could be among the woods. He was the foremost in all the husking-parties, quiltings, house-warmings, sleigh-rides, and scrapes of all colors, wore an eel-skin queue and a ruffe shirt on Sundays, and so by hook and crook got into such favor with the feminine gender, that he might almost have taken his pick of the whole town. There was not one who would have said no to such a gallant gay Lothario as our Josh, except one, as the devil would have it, she happened to be the very one Josh wanted to get.

There is no accounting for the whims of a woman; so we shall not attempt to assign the cause why Nancy Crabtree turned up her nose at Josh Beanpole. Certain it is that Josh stuck to her like a burr without any effect. She carried her head high, looked askew and gave Josh the go-by whenever he attempted to be familiar.

Some thought that she looked upon Josh with all his accomplishments to be no great shakes. Others thought she had set her cap for the parson of the parish. There might have been some truth in this last supposition, for when the parson, to her great surprise married the widow Sly, Nance began to relent, and Josh found himself getting into favor. He laid siege to her heart with redoubled ardor, and the whole town at last thought it would be a match. Still she was now and then a little stiff, and Josh was sharp sighted enough to see that he must cast about for some uncommon expedient to

push his suit. "The girls," thought he, "are fond of titles and show and parade—Nance would have snaped up with the parson to a dead certainty—now if I can get to be a captain of a militia, I shall come off conqueror. If she turns up her nose at me then the devil is in her."

So Josh went about intriguing for the office, and as the actual incumbent had been for several years somewhat cramped with the rheumatism; and unable to march faster than common time, or carry his body nearer to a perpendicular than 45 degrees people began to think he had served his country long enough. Without much difficulty he was prevailed on to resign. Josh set himself up as a candidate for the office, and having opened a grocery store, came in by an unanimous vote, for it is a standing maxim in the country that the best man in the world for a military captain is a tavern or a grocery keeper. Now was Josh near the completion of his wishes. A Captain! who could resist a captain? But little did he think that the very stick he took up to help him over the ditch would itself knock him into the mud. However; let us not anticipate the catastrophe of the story.

In order to begin the campaign with uncommon splendor, Josh determined upon a sham fight; there is nothing like a sham fight for all lovers of military glory; nothing like a sham fight for all lovers of fun and frolic up and down the country. It was immediately noised abroad, and great preparations were made in all quarters for witnessing the grand show to be made by the Rye company and their new captain. Josh had bespoken a brand new uniform of blue, turned out with yellow flannel, and it was thought would cut such a dash, and make such a flaming appearance as to steal the heart of every girl who was made of penetrable stuff. Josh was not a whit behind any body in the confidence of his hopes. "By the hoky!" said he, as he looked at himself in his regimentals, "if this don't take the sun shine out of her eyes, she's harder than hickory."

At last the long expected day came, and what a flocking, and crowding, and bustling there was, the like had not been known in those parts 'within the memory of the oldest inhabitants.' Such throngs of jolly damsels and old grannies, such crowds of every age sex and condition; such rattling of chaises and carriages, and wagons; such a show of gingerbread, sugar plums and molasses candy! There was no end to the wonders and novelties which the grand occasion brought into display! Josh marched his company up and down with great eclat, and though they did not display a perfect regularity of uniform, and were unable exactly to keep time in march, yet they were pronounced to have an uncommon martial appearance.

According to the plan previously drawn up, the sham fight was to represent the capture of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, and a spacious pigstye on the side of a hill was fixed upon to be the scene of the conflict. The wooden walls of this formidable dwelling were accordingly cleared of the swinish multitude, and by the help of a few plank and rafters metamorphosed into the fortification of Yorktown. Josh placed half of his company under Lieutenant Shute in the pigstye, to act as the British army under Lord Cornwallis, while he himself in the character of General Washington took the command of the besieging army. The whole plan of the attack, defence and surrender was as follows:

Lord Cornwallis was to open the campaign by detaching half a platoon of his force under Corporal Spinbutton to forage in Deacon Style's cabbage garden. These on being attacked by General Washington's advance guard, who were to form a corps of observation at the Hole in the Wall, were to retreat across Dobson's Folly and Mud Lane till they reached Turkey Cock's Vengeance, where they were to make a stand and receive a reinforcement from Yorktown; whereupon the American advance guard were to commence a retreat, and be hotly pursued

ed by the British across Peg's Run and Long Twisted Boggy till they reached Dog's Misery, where the main army under General Washington in person, was to be stationed. Here Corporal Spinbutton was to receive a check and draw off his forces, leaving behind him his baggage, consisting of two knapsacks of bread and cheese. The whole American army was then to take up the line of march, and proceed in three columns thro' Widow McQuirk's cow pasture and Skunk Siah's orchard, till they arrived at Deacon Style's cabbage garden, where they were to debouch and prepare for the grand attack. The assault was to be made by the main body, under General Washington, while a detachment of five men, under Sergeant Doolittle, were to manoeuvre upon the enemy's flank and storm his out works consisting of a couple of haycocks. Hereupon the enemy was to beat parley, and Lord Cornwallis was to despatch a flag of truce to General Washington to treat of a surrender but the two generals not agreeing about the terms, the action was to be renewed, and a sharp firing was to be kept up as long as the ammunition held out. At this time, finding the fortune of the day going against him, General Washington was to put himself at the head of the troops and lead them on at the point of the bayonet. The detachment above mentioned having possessed themselves of the enemy's haycock out-works, and a ravelin and a half moon made by a pile of logs, were to pour in a galling fire and enfilade the whole tennelle of the enemy's works. Taking advantage of this, General Washington was to enter the intrenchments sword in hand when the enemy was to hoist the white flag, and the surrender of the pigstye was to follow.

Certainly Josh Beanpoles general orders were drawn up as well as any of Bonaparte's bulletins. The plan of the campaign was excellent, and not a man on the ground but what would have betted ten to one that Josh and his army would have carried the pigstye, but by the strangest chance in the world it turns out that Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers, but Algiers took him!

The rival armies took their stations, and the battle begun. Immense crowds flocked around the scene of action, all wrapt in wonder and breathless with curiosity to view the great spectacle of the capture of Yorktown. All eyes were turned upon General Washington, the whole of this eventful day. Josh did really cut a most gallant figure at the head of the American army on this occasion. His dazzling regimentals with their show of brass buttons and yellow baize shown out among the general officers of the staff, like the meridian sun among the stars. His enormous chapeau surmounted with a bunch of cockerel feathers a yard in height caused him to look up from the rank and file the army, like one of Don Quixote's giants, while his legs being incased in a monstrous pair of cow-hide boots that came about a half above his knees imparting a most imposing military stiffness to his gait.—General Washington! General Washington!! exclaimed every tongue, and every one agreed that

Take him all in all
They ne'er should look upon his like again.
The old men gaped and wondered, the old women did the same, the boys shouted and marvelled, the girls looked on, started and admired. Josh Beanpole never appeared so irresistible before; Nance was absolutely delighted, and every body thought she was positively done for.

The first part of the plan of operation succeeded to admiration. The American scouts discovered the British just in the nick of time, and fell upon them at the moment when they were about to make a terrible havoc among Deacon Style's cabbages. The retreat was ably managed and the marching and countermarching executed without any other mishap than the loss of a corporal and two privates who got stuck in the mud at Long Twisted Boggy; and a little pesty, duck-legged drummer who fell into Peg's Run

and was taken up for tipsy. The grand attack commenced, the out works were carried by assault. The American army pressed forward, Gen. Washington flourished his sword and exclaimed "On! on! my brave boys." Lord Cornwallis mounted the rampart of the citadel and thundered defiance at the assailants. Bang! bang! went the guns—Huzza! huzza! shouted the spectators. The musketry roared again, the drums beat a terrible general, the sky was rent with shouts and shrouded in smoke. Sure never did pigstye present a scene so sublime before.

But just at this moment all the spectators were struck with surprise at observing an uncommon appearance in Yorktown. The firing suddenly ceased and the whole garrison fell instantly into a most singular confusion: presently Lord Cornwallis came tumbling over the walls of the pigstye with his whole staff at his heels, and the rank and file of the garrison after them hurly burly, pell mell, scampering off like mad. Every body stared and was struck with astonishment. But we must go back for a moment to explain the cause of this.

This same pigstye, as we said before, was cleared of its tenants a day or two previous, and the pigs shut up in another enclosure. It so happened that an obstinate, surly old sow, not liking her new quarters, contrived to get loose early on the morning of the battle. After rooting about the fields and stuffing herself with a monstrous meal, she trudged instinctively back to her old dwelling where she got in unobserved while every body was absent at dinner. There she snuggled away in a dark corner and fell fast asleep.

But the roaring of the musketry and the rolling of the drums and shouting of the multitude, and the tramping up and down of Lord Cornwallis and his soldiers upon the citadel at Yorktown, at length aroused the snoring animal, and she opened her eyes with a most significant grunt, wondering what could keep this dreadful pother o'er her head. Getting up and poking her snout in the open air, she found her peaceful domicile filled with men of war making such a racket and tantarra as were enough to drive any hog in the universe crazy.

No hog could be more hoggish than the one of which we speak. She was as cross grained, snappish and malicious a piece of pork as the country for ten miles around could show; and more than that, she was of about four hundred pounds weight. In an instant she sprang among the enemy, and knocked down a whole platoon of them before any one was aware of the new assailant. The next instant she butted an aide de camp out at the sally port, and gave Lord Cornwallis a gripe in the rear at the slack of his pantaloons, which ruined that portion of his regimentals forever and aye. His Lordship sprang over the wall in a jiffy without waiting for his suite, and the whole garrison were put to rout in the twinkling of an eye. Some threw themselves over the ramparts, others climbed up the bastion, others scuttled off to the half moon; the fierce animal meanwhile rooted hither and thither among them, knocking down, and biting, and scratching and kicking at a most terrible rate. Those who could not get out in season were obliged to turn upon the assailant by beating her with the but ends of their muskets. Dire was the confusion! The soldiers belabored the porker and the porker pummeled the soldiers, bit their legs, tumbled them down and trampled them under foot! Chaos was come again! The soldiers roared and shouted—the old sow squealed in triumph—the walls of the pigstye trembled with the clamour—the bastions came tumbling down—the citadel shook to its foundations, kicks, thumps, cuffs, thwacks, bashes, blows, pokes, hits, fore-strokes and back-strokes prevailed; shouting, screaming, yelling and grunting filled the air! The walls came tumbling down, and the old sow came scampering down the hill at a gallop after the routed army!

This happened at the very instant in which Gen. Washington had put himself at the head of the army to lead on the attack. He was flourishing his sword in a most fierce and martial attitude, when the furious animal took him between the legs and carried him off at full gallop. His new cowhide boots so stiffened him at the knees that he was kept astride of the animal's back without the power to throw himself off. Away went Gen. Washington extemporaneously mounted without saddle or bridle, with his head to the rear, and grasping the tail of his steed with as tight a grasp as his muscles could exert. In an instant he broke through the center of his own line, put the corps de reserve to the rout, and in ten seconds was among the thickest of the throng of spectators, knocking down all before him, and frightening the females out of their wits, breaking horses loose, overturning carts and tables loaded with apples, nuts, cakes, bottles, decanters and glasses, and making such devastation as never had been witnessed since time was. The multitude scrambled to save themselves and pressed one another down in the attempt. The whole field was in a hurly burly.—Josh and his steed galloped off and have not been heard of since. Nance was married last week to corporal Spinbutton, who is now captain. He has just arrived in Boston as a member of the General Court, and was seen at a milliner's in Washington street yesterday cheapening a new bonnet.

THE THEATRE.

BY LAURIE TODD.

The Theatre is the entering wedge to every other vice; wherever they erect an opera or play-house, immediately there springs up, right under its wing, an oyster-house, and a porter-house, a gambling and a prostitution-house. The frequenters of the first are generally the regular customers of all the other four. In the cars of a family for forty years in New York, I have walked the streets at all hours of the night, for doctors, nurses, &c. I have often seen (just as the streaks of light began to climb the eastern sky) young men and boys entering the stores in Broadway, where they slept and the keys of which they kept in their pockets. Between Reed and Liberty streets, I have counted from seven to twelve, in a morning, of these trusty servants so make entry. Little think their masters—who at the same hour, may be playing cards in Leroy-place with some worthy brother of the cloth—that their five dollar bills are flying about in Church street like chaff before the wind; and little think the farmers of Rhode and Long Island, when they send their sons to New York to measure cloth and sell muslin de lane, that they have pitched them into the mouth of the roaring lion, that he is dragging them along the road to ruin and down the chambers of black despair. This custom of boys and young men sleeping in the store, is a sore evil under the sun; and entrusting them with the front door key of the store, is a sore temptation to steal from the till by day,—that they may spend it in the houses afforded by night. Remember—*who murdered Ellen Jewitt!*

Besides, dramatic representations unfit the mind for the steady routine of business and for all the sober realities of life.—Let any one walk into the stores on Broadway or Pearl street, between the hours of three and four, while their employers are gone to their dinners, and the clerks will be seen standing in groups, with pen stuck behind the ear, the bales, the bills, the day-book, and ledgers, all unstrung, while they are comparing notes about Celeste's dancing. Wood's singing, or Flinn's playing, &c. Should an undertaker step in at this moment and ask for black kid gloves, so engaged are they in this all important discussion, and so loath are they to be interrupted in their favorite and all engrossing subject, that the poor grave digger is frowned from the threshold, with an abrupt and surly no! although they know that they have fifty dozen of the self same article lying on the shelf at that very moment.

Self interest and common sense make them keep their eyes on their books and

bills while their employers are present, and even then the hand is often still, and the eyes shut over the day book, while the mind is running riot over the wild intoxicating scenes they have witnessed in the opera or play-house, the night previous; in their sleep they talk and dream of nothing else, and at their desks they are still haunted by the same delusion.

Twenty years ago there was no theatre in Rochester; they were then a quiet, steady, sober-sided fraternity of wheat flour grinders. There started from New York a company of players, they stopped at Albany to scratch up what they could catch; (it was precious little!) they pushed through the canal with their kettle-drums and fiddle-sticks, their bass-drums and clarionets, their supernumeraries and door-keepers; females and bottle-holders, broom-sweepers, and candle-snuffers—a motly group; they entered the town like Death on a pale horse, and all hell followed after—and what is Rochester now? But to draw to a close, (as brother Miller said, after a two hour's lecture on the propriety of burning the world last St. Patrick's day.) I would only remark, that for the three years just gone by, theatricals are getting every day in less repute. There is one reason for this, as I think, viz: the cheapness of books. Young men are struck when they see a book that formerly used to sell for \$3.00, now advertised for 25 cents—the title attracts them, they they can purchase as many for what they formerly paid for a play-ticket, as will keep them reading at night for a month: thus the charm of the theater is broken; the infatuation dispelled; he has time to think; he has chanced on Astronomy, the sublimest of all earthly sciences:—the more he reads the more he admires the wisdom and power of God; he now looks back with regret on the time and money he has spent for nothing and worse than nothing, and vanity; he sees he has a part of his own to perform among his fellows, and having buckled on his armor, is resolved to play his part like a man.

BETTER TIMES.—"The Whigs promised better times," say the Locofoeos, if they obtained the ascendancy." Well, we did; and we have better times, altho' we succeeded in carrying the single measure of the Tariff alone. If so much relief results to the country from one Whig measure, what a happy condition would we now have been in, had it not been for the treachery of John Tyler? Bless us, there would not have been a whig or Locofoeco in the whole land, who, if he could whistle at all, would not have whistled "Hail Columbia" before breakfast, and "Yankee Doodle" before he went to bed. War Club

Locofoecism.—One peculiar trait in the character of a genuing Locofoeco, is the readiness to follow in the track his leader designates. They have a Magnus Apollo, and they all follow him, with as much pertinacity, as a flock of sheep does its "bell weather." No matter how objectionable the measure proposed, if the magic lance points in its favor, it is enough; the whole army of Locofoecos throw up their caps and shout hosannas to it. Not a word should you hear from a Locofoeco in favor of annexation; until after Andrew Jackson's letter came along this way. It had a marvelous effect.—The small fry leaders took it for granted there was "a kink in the pig's tail," which they did not understand; but it was sufficient for them that Gen. Jackson was in favor of the measure. Those men boast of Democracy!—and one man to lead them wherever he pleases. If this does not look like the one man power, we do not know what does.—War Club

A bill has been pending in the New York Assembly, to alter the charter of the Utica and Schenectada Railroad, so as to permit the transportation of freight. It has finally been lost by a close vote, yeas 31, noes 31, not two thirds which was requisite. Our readers will recollect, that we published a communication some weeks ago in favour of such a change.—Advertiser.

Charles G. Ferris, late member of Congress from New York city, has been nominated Collector of that port in place of Mr. Curtis.—Advertiser.

The officially ascertained majority of Pollock, (Whig) for the 13th Congress, is 59!!